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"Here Comes . . .

MURPHY "

An Appreciation for

THE REV. ROBERT MURPHY WILLIAMS

Pastor 1906-1945; Pastor Emeritus 1946-1955

in the

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT

GREENSBORO, N. C.



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By

THE REV. JOSEPH M. GARRISON, D.D.

DEDICATED TO
THE MEMBERS OF
THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT
WHOSE HEARTS WERE BIG ENOUGH
TO LOVE THEIR FIRST PASTOR
AND HIS SUCCESSOR

June 24, 1956

(Any proceeds from the sale of this book are a gift of the author
to THE R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, INC.)

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Every day someone recalls some incident in the life of The Rev. R. Murphy Williams. In seeking to express appreciation for his wonderful life and his lasting influence this is but a beginning. No effort is made here to tell all that can or should be told.

I am grateful to those who have provided the numerous stories out of his life, and in each instance I have given proper acknowledgment in the form of references which appear in the back of the book.

Special gratitude is due Mrs. Williams who has allowed me to look over some of the manuscript copies of Mr. Williams's sermons and prayers.

My good friend, Mr. Colvin Leonard, has read the manuscript and made several helpful suggestions. He was especially qualified to do this since he was a very personal friend of Mr. Williams and the editor of a brief History of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant in 1945. To him I am deeply grateful.

Mrs. H. J. Williams, church secretary of the Church of the Covenant, who was associated with Mr. Williams in the church so long, has been most helpful in her counsel. The final preparation of the material is the work of Mrs. J. M. Jackson.

To my wife, Evelyn, I am grateful for her daily encouragement. Apart from the loyalty of the members of the church staff there would have been no time left for this work.

J. M. G.



THE REVEREND ROBERT MURPHY WILLIAMS

"A Broad Assignment"

"A woman is as old as she looks, and a man is old when he doesn't look." This was the preacher's text.

If you will accent the text with a bright red bow tie equipped with a small electric bulb in each end of the bow, you have—at least—a suggestion about a mature character who refused to sing a swan song because of age.

The Rev. R. Murphy Williams was eighty-three years old when he found this humorous gem. It was his favorite text as he greeted another year and hoped to keep on going strong. The spirit of this new text had long been his.

To hear this bit of humor coming from a minister might appear a bit shocking, especially if you were meeting the man for the first time; but for old friends of long acquaintance it was a generous invitation to join in a hearty laugh. Indeed, if that kind of thing had not happened, some would have wondered what had happened to their true friend, and one of God's great noblemen.

"R. Murphy," as he was spoken of by young and old alike, frankly admitted that he did not want to be left out of anything. In this respect he was simply being honest with himself. He was endowed, however, with a nature so that there was no danger of that kind of thing happening. Any play for popularity was unnecessary. Without any question he was the best known and the most deeply loved man in the community which he served for nearly fifty years. When the Church of the Covenant honored Murphy and his wife, Lillie, on their golden wedding anniversary it was as fine a demonstration of respect as a man can hope to have from his fellow-man. The great assembly that gathered in this honor represented a cross section of the life of the city, its churches, its culture, its government, its business and its recreation.

No man can achieve the respect of white and black, rich and poor, Christian, Jew, Roman Catholic and pagan without earning

it. Just how he did this can't be fully told, but some of the more obvious reasons are easily seen in his character.

For one thing he grew up with a community. When the Rev. R. Murphy Williams became the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant on September 30, 1906 Greensboro boasted a population of some 10,000 souls. During his life-time his parish grew into a thriving city of over 80,000 souls. He saw its industries expand and expand. He saw muddy streets covered over with tar and gravel and cement. He saw the horse and buggy replaced with modern cars. He saw prohibition voted out and ABC stores voted in. He saw boys in his church school grow into manhood and assume the highest roles of leadership in the city. He saw stop lights and one-way streets initiated, though it must be said he did not pay too much attention to them. He saw outlying cow pastures and wooded areas converted into beautiful residential districts. With it all he grew in a desire to serve, and widened his sense of both opportunity and responsibility.

For another thing he regarded his pulpit in the Church of the Covenant as a starting place and always considered the whole community to be his parish. This spirit won for him the high honor of a Distinguished Citizenship Award.

Commenting on this award a friend said: "‘Parson’ Williams has been more than pastor of a single congregation; his parish has been limited only by the opportunities for Christian service and leadership. So it was only logical that the first — and significantly enough, to this date, the only — citizenship award should go to him." On the plaque presented at the 57th annual meeting of the Greensboro Chamber of Commerce in 1934, these words are inscribed: "Conferred upon Rev. R. Murphy Williams in recognition of his unselfish civic service."¹

He visited every one in the hospitals. He called in every home of sorrow or trouble. Some of his fellow ministers might have misinterpreted this had not the real motive, a genuine love for people, been so obvious.

He had one advantage over the numerous ministers who came and went in the religious life of the community during his long ministry. Everyone knew him and took great pride in possessing one of his calling cards in the form of a silhouette profile. Apparently he missed the "no visitor" signs in the hospitals and the majority of

the patients were glad. He could claim without hesitancy the distinction of being a minister who exceeded all other ministers in visiting the sick.

One day in a hospital room he found a Jewish friend's wife sick unto death. The doctors were eagerly seeking an unusual blood type for a transfusion. Hearing of this, he entered the sick room for the purpose of offering his blood. Before the test was made he got down on his knees at the foot of the patient's bed and prayed to God that his blood would be the right type. It wasn't but he had offered his generous spirit.²

During the summer months he often had a young minister associated with him in his work. One of the first assignments was that of joining him in a room-to-room visit in the hospitals.

Another distinction he could well claim was that of being the first person to visit newcomers to the city. Let his name be mentioned in most any group and some one will speak up saying, "He was the first to call upon us when we arrived."

One newcomer describes one of these visits. The family had been in their new home only twenty-four hours when Mr. Williams called. "With the usual kindness, so familiar to all who knew him, he looked about upon the scene of confusion incident to moving and said, 'You people can not be comfortable here, come around and stay with us for a few days until you are settled.'"³

This spirit had an early beginning in his life. One of his school-mates, who knew him well in his boyhood home at Taylor's Bridge, N. C., describes him in these early days.

"We walked first through a woods and then across a field, with Bob carrying my Blueback Spelling book and dinner bucket, as lunch boxes were then known. After the field, there was a creek with only a birch log hewn flat to cross on. This was a frightening part of the trip for me and I frequently cried until Bob came to me, so sweet and kind voiced, and said, 'Sallie, don't cry; I'll lead you across.' From then on, all went well; he never forgot to help me across the creek.

"The name of the school was Snow Hill and the teacher, an elderly man, rather ill and crabbed. Here again, Bob's intercession eased my way."⁴

This interest in people stayed with him even during the period he was hospitalized at the time of his death. Among his last concerns, even though he was in a serious, weakened condition, was thinking of a friend he had worked with many times who had never made a profession of faith. Actually he could not recall the man's name, but he could say enough to identify the person he had in mind. He reported this to the minister who had succeeded him in the Church of the Covenant in the hope that he would continue the effort he had made. To his great joy this minister followed through and reported to him that a signed profession of faith had been secured.

A fellow minister and life-long friend summarized his life in these words:

"If I were asked to mention just one of the outstanding traits of his splendid character, I would mention his friendliness. This is the secret of his many friends. I am persuaded that he would rather have a million friends than a million dollars."⁵

One admirer after commenting on his likable and lovable personality has suggested yet another aspect of his manysided character.

"He did a great many big things during his life which congregations and people in the world at large will remember and enumerate, but it was the everyday approach on little matters that made him so dear to this family of ours."⁶

In an editorial in the *Greensboro Record* at the time of his death the broad scope of his ministry was well characterized:

"He interpreted his role as pastor as a broad assignment, extending wherever there was a need for Christian service and ministry He gave his support to every worthwhile undertaking in his community and state. Every emergency found him ready and anxious to serve.

"He will be remembered as a man who stood firmly and unafraid by his convictions no matter how unpopular that stand might be."⁷

Watching and Praying

For some reason, known only to R. Murphy, he always prayed with his eyes open. It began in the early days of his ministry. To hear the boys and girls who grew up in his congregation talk it was for their benefit. He claimed that he had Biblical warrant for this in those words, "Watch and pray."

On a hot Sunday in August of 1907 after an eleven-month pastorate he was engaged in the pastoral prayer at a morning service. The windows of the church were raised for air, but they also allowed the young minister to view the street outside in his characteristic "watching and praying" attitude. A beloved physician of the community was attending services that morning. He came in his horse and buggy. The hitching post he selected was a persimmon tree just opposite one of the windows. In the midst of the morning prayer the minister saw trouble outside. The halter rein of the physician's horse became untied and the horse was getting ready to take off. In the midst of the prayer R. Murphy said,, "Dr. Little, your horse is loose. I think you'd better hurry out and tie him up." The doctor left immediately and the preacher continued with his prayer.⁸

If prayers can save people, this man has saved all sorts of people. No matter what funeral he conducted, the pastoral prayer was a comfort to the sorrowing, for somehow he could see some good where others found it hard to do so. He had watched people so carefully he knew of many things others did not know. His well-worn funeral manual was a part of his daily equipment.

He simply couldn't pray a general prayer. If that was his assignment before he finished it had become a definite pastoral prayer including every member of the family, various brotherhoods, fellow employees and every absent friend. You knew he was beginning to get to the end when he came to those stirring words:

"O Lord, support us all the day long of this troublesome life, until the shadows lengthen and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done.

Then in Thy mercy grant us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at last; through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Next to his church, according to his own statement, he was devoted to the Kiwanis Club. Week after week he sat in the seat just in front of the speaker's stand. Very frequently he was called upon to return thanks. To the surprise of all one day R. Murphy blessed the meal after this manner:

"O Lord, give us a good digestion today, and put it into the hearts of the managers of this dining room to give us our money's worth."

Evidently that day he had visited the kitchen or he could see around the corner, for it was a very appropriate prayer. It expressed the feelings of many a Kiwanian.

Among the papers left by Mr. Williams there are many manuscripts of prayers which he prepared for various church services. It is evident from these manuscripts that he regarded the morning prayer an important part of a church service, requiring great care in preparation. The manuscripts are carefully marked, indicating the particular accent which he regarded as significant.

Throughout the various manuscripts there are many characteristic expressions familiar to those who knew him well. A few of these follow:

"Almighty God, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort."

"We thank Thee for Thy goodness: sunshine and showers, summer and winter, seed time and harvest and all creature comforts."

"O Lord, we confess our unworthiness. We have sinned in the flesh and in our disposition."

Toward the last of his ministry he turned often to those familiar words in the Quaker hymn to close his prayer:

"Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of Thy peace."

These prayers are characterized by directness and earnestness. And as a member of the congregation said, "They brought one close to the Throne of Grace."⁹

If one must single out one quality above others that seemed to characterize this man of prayer it would be that of inclusiveness. Here for example is a single illustration taken from a morning prayer on October 15, 1944:

"Our Father, there are so many things that are hard for us to do, so help us to forget the things that should be forgotten; to forgive, to apologize when we are wrong, to take advice, to admit error, to be unselfish, to live economically, to be charitable, to be considerate, to avoid mistakes, to keep out of the rut, to make the best of little things, to shoulder the blame when we are to blame, to keep our tempers at all times, to begin all over again when we have failed to maintain a high standard, to keep on keeping on, to think first and act afterwards."¹⁰

"To keep on keeping on." This seemed to happen when he offered his petitions. They included everything and everyone.

The prayer which follows in full, used June 17, 1945, is characteristic of this inclusive quality.

"Our Father, we praise Thee, we bless Thee, we worship Thee, we glorify Thee, we give thanks to Thee, for Thy great glory, manifested in the life, service, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

"O Lord, our God, we pray for a very real consciousness of Thy Presence. Whatever we miss in our worship today, may it not be Thy personal presence, as we offer the sacrifices of our lips, and the devotion of our hearts. May we not leave this house of worship without a radiance of Thy countenance, without a stirring of our hearts, and without a peace of soul which comes from abiding in Christ, even as the branch abides in the vine.

"O God, who art the sure defense of all who are sore beset, remember in mercy, we beseech Thee, our country. Give wisdom to our counsellors; and courage and endurance to our soldiers, sailors and airmen, chaplains and Red Cross workers. Look in compassion on those immediately exposed to danger and hardship—all who are embattled and imprisoned; all who wander sad-hearted and alone; all whose homes have been left unto them desolate. Vouchsafe unto us all that courage that shall enable us to triumphantly live through these anxious days and troubled nights.

"In the simple faith of little children, may we confide constantly in Thy Fatherly care. Into Thy keeping we commit our dear ones, and all the unspoken desires of our hearts. Whatever our lot, whatever our griefs, whatever our burdens, we leave them with Thee; for Thou knowest the needs that underlie all our desires.

"Our Father, the glory—excitement—and stimulus of battle—are denied to many of us who toil on the farm, in the home, in the school, in the office, in the Red Cross rooms, in the church and in countless other callings—to make possible the victories of our 'uniformed forces.' So we bring to Thee, our Eternal and Omnipotent Ruler, the special needs of these who labor far behind the fighting lines. May a true patriotism inspire and sustain us. Give us the spiritual vision to understand that all workers for a common cause are 'one army' . . . one man being just as essential as the other. May there be no coward or shirker amongst us; and no white flag in any heart until victory is achieved and righteousness established in the earth.

"Our Father, we present to Thee the needs of our city with all of its citizens and homes and institutions. We pray for the sick, the suffering, the sorrowing—every wayward man, woman or child—our church.

"Keep us by Thy power, comfort us by Thy presence, guide us by Thy wisdom, and save us one and all by Thy grace. Accept our thanksgiving for every blessing.

"May each of us feel at home in our Father's house. We make this prayer with the forgiveness of our every sin . . . through Jesus Christ, our Lord . . ." ¹¹

Here Comes Murphy

If a person met trouble, or even if there was any smell of trouble coming, it was a safe guess to look down the street and say, "Here comes Murphy!" Like the master Himself, he was a friend to sinners. The deed was never too dark or dirty for him to bring his sincere word of comfort and encouragement. The few who felt at times that he covered up or took sides, wholly misunderstood his purpose. His supreme concern was to be helpful. His firm belief was that any troubled man needed help and could have his help.

Whenever he heard of some person treated in a way that did not commend itself to his judgment he said, "They can't do that to me."¹²

A friend of his who had admittedly made his money in a racket wanted to make a gift to the church. "Murphy, will you take this and use it?" His reply was, "The Devil has had this money long enough, let the Lord have it a while."

"MURPHY'S THERE"

If there's trouble in your home
Murphy's there:

If bad luck to you has come
Murphy's there:

No one knows how he gets "wise",
But to dodge him no one tries,
No matter where the trouble lies
Murphy's there.

If you seem down in your luck
Murphy's there:

If you lose your grit and pluck
Murphy's there:

He will help renew your grip,
Back to faith he'll lead the trip,
He'll not let you slide or slip
Murphy's there.

If you find you've lost your job,
Murphy's there:

To help you be brave, not sob—
Murphy's there:

He'll not let you feel too bad,
He'll keep you gay, not sad
That he's been there, you are glad
Murphy's there.

If you have to go to jail,
Murphy's there:

Need him, outside society's pale
Murphy's there:

He still treats you like a man,
On discouragements he puts a ban
Help you get back to your clan
Murphy's there.

If on sick bed you lie low
Murphy's there:
When nurses softly come and go
Murphy's there:
If hard treatment you must take
Even though the body breaks
When all others fear and quake
Murphy's there.

If a crisis you go through
Murphy's there:
Be you gentile, black or Jew
Murphy's there:
Be this crisis great or small
Be you short or be you tall
If you're "riding for a fall"
Murphy's there.

When it comes to kissing babies,
Murphy's there:
When it comes to greeting ladies,
Murphy's there:
But he's strongest with his men
He's no "pink tea" pastor then
When pleas sent by tongue or pen
Murphy's there.

When it comes to knowing God
Murphy's there:
When telling us the path we trod
Murphy's there:
A fearless messenger is he,
No pussy-footing, but we
Love him for the truth we see,
Murphy's there.

When we get to heaven's gate,
Murphy's there:
For his flock he'll stand and wait
Murphy's there:
He will welcome in his band
Be there with his glad right hand
Where the many stoned crowns stand
Murphy's there.¹³

When "R. Murphy" was among men he was a man's man and when he was among women he was a lady's man.

As a man's man he was versatile with business deals, various sports, political issues and the like. He wished everyone success and their success was his success, for every man was a part of his family.

Wrestling was his favorite sport, and the nearest seat to the ring was his choice position. At these games he battled from the side lines and passed judgment on numerous violations of the rules when missed by the referees. At one of these matches he became greatly disturbed when one wrestler took the finger of another wrestler and broke it. During intermission he was talking to a doctor friend about the match and the harsh manner in which the finger was broken. R. Murphy took hold of the doctor's finger to explain exactly how it happened. It was a perfect demonstration of what happened for the doctor went away with a broken finger.¹⁴

All the ladies were beautiful, so beautiful that he planted a kiss on their cheeks whenever an occasion permitted. The place didn't matter, it might be on a street corner, the vestibule of the church or the living room of his own home. To an observer this appeared equally acceptable to the ladies. This display of affection was a natural part of his personality.

For the men he had a hand lifted high in greeting and welcome. To see him drive down the street in his car and lift his hand in greeting to those along the way caused one to conclude that an Unseen Driver must have been looking ahead for him, since his one concern was that of being sure to greet all his friends. Countless people felt a new importance as he shared himself so characteristically in this way, day after day.

When he greeted you with his favorite expression, "Good luck to you," he really meant it.¹⁵

One of his younger friends describes this quality in his character as follows:

"He was one of few persons whom I have known in my life who had a knack of making each contact with him most enjoyable and pleasant to look back on. Whether it was a slap on the back on a downtown street, a visit in my office, a handshake at church, or a visit in my home or his home, he always gave me the warm feeling that my friendship was most important to him."¹⁶

The same energy that characterized his work characterized his play. After his retirement he became greatly interested in fishing. He fished so frequently he found it difficult to find enough places to fish without imposing on his friends. And he fished so hard and caught so many that it is known that one friend dreaded to see his car parked near his lake. He was at it early and late, with anyone who would go along and fish with him. The invitation really meant "it would be nice if you would paddle the boat while he would do the fishing."

Since he was getting older and being in a boat was becoming dangerous, one of his good friends sought to protect his well-being by saying that he could fish in his lake any time but he had to have a companion with him. Murphy stayed away a few days fretting under the restriction. Then he showed up with a fishing companion a man older than he was.¹⁷

If the truth be known this probably was his way of spending his energy and making sure that he was turning loose the responsibilities connected with the church. No one believed that he could do this. They anticipated very hard sledding for any man who followed him as the pastor of the church. But he demonstrated again his adaptability and concern for the well-being of others.

Church Administration

In the administration of church affairs in the Church of the Covenant where he was the first pastor, and where he served so well so long, he did not hesitate to make his influence felt and his position known. Sometimes he acted for the session and reported what he had done. At one time the church needed a new music committee chairman. R. Murphy found good material in a man he visited in the hospital. Before he left the room the church had a new chairman, nominated and elected by R. Murphy. We are told that he appointed committees to assist him in the life and work of the church, then he would do the committee's work and report to them.¹⁸

In a tribute to Mr. Williams on the last Sunday of his pastorate in the Church of the Covenant one of the officers resorted to a bit of humor in noting this quality in his life:

“Mr. Williams, it becomes my unpleasant duty to inform you that you are charged with a serious, yes a very serious offense, which almost makes it mandatory that formal charges be preferred against you. The Book of Church Order clearly states, ‘the Session shall take the oversight of the singing in Public Worship.’ Mr. Williams, have you allowed the Session to perform its duties? No. For years you have usurped the powers of the Session by yourself leading the singing in this Church; you have always been, at least, one note ahead of the choir and the congregation.

“For this you should be censored, but I know you have not intended to usurp the powers of the Session. In your unbounded enthusiasm for the work of the church, you may have sung out of turn, but we forgive you.”¹⁹

This was followed by a serious word of commendation for the loyalty and foresight at all times evidenced in the music of the church.

Incidents reflecting this quality in his character are numerous. One Monday night when the Board of Deacons met R. Murphy was on hand to make a request. He wanted the board to appropriate

sufficient money to replace a vacuum cleaner. At the time money was not too plentiful, so the members of the board began asking questions about having the old vacuum repaired. At least, three times Mr. Williams tried to get the floor to speak concerning his request, but each time a new question put him back in his chair. Finally, he got on his feet when it looked like it was going to be a repair job for the old vacuum. He said, "Well, boys, you might as well make that appropriation; we have been using the new one three months."²⁰

Situations like this lead a minister who admired him greatly to say: "He had a keen sense of humor and his approach to people and to the problems of church life was always different."²¹

This initiative for getting things done and being willing to do them showed up in particular in the financial life of the church.

In 1915 the building of the present sanctuary was undertaken and it was planned as a twenty-year project. It was cleared of debt in fourteen years, six years ahead of schedule. In 1937 there was need for an educational building. It was planned as a fifteen-year project. It was cleared of debt in three years.

When he saw time beginning to run out he addressed an appeal to the church in December 1940 as follows:

"On the 18th of May this church will be thirty-five years old. On the 24th of June I shall have reached my seventy-third birthday (if God spares me). On Sunday, the 15th of June, midway between these two dates, I want us to celebrate these two events by dedicating this church, burning the mortgage held by our good creditors, and then singing, 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow.'"²²

It is not known just when he adopted the slogan "A Church that serves" for the Church of the Covenant. But it is known throughout the community that it was far more than a slogan with him. In a church bulletin where use is made of this phrase one sees this statement, "A church that serves allows nothing to thwart its purpose."²³

In many instances where you find a driving and energetic personality like that of Mr. Williams you often find a domineering spirit. Mr. Williams played the game very hard but he did it without this spirit of dominating others.

During that period in the development of the Church, when Church School Councils were being formed in numerous churches his own church school officers proposed such a plan. He made it very plain where he stood. He was against the council plan. But this time the church school officers won and overruled him and the plan was inaugurated. When the Council met a year later to review its progress R. Murphy was present. When called upon to say a few words he recalled his misgivings about the plan but courageously said, "I was wrong."²⁴

Whenever he took the floor he worked very hard to carry his point. If he didn't win, he often came back a second or third time, but always in a tolerant spirit.

"He was not afraid to re-think his convictions on any controversial matter. I think I never knew a man who was more free from the chains of prejudice and tradition."²⁵

As a matter of fact he encouraged constructive criticism and used it to improve himself and his work in the church. Here is one example of this from the early part of his ministry.

"His radiant love, you felt it even though his viewpoint might be different. He welcomed constructive criticism. Never shall I forget his seeing my dad on many Mondays and asking, 'Well what did you think of my sermon yesterday?' They talked for long minutes discussing the various phases of the text, sometimes agreeing, sometimes not, but always parting in the happiest frame of mind."²⁶

Prior to his public appearances when he took a stand on some controversial issue he had tried out many of his friends to get their reactions to his position. Sometimes this led to a qualifying of his proposed statement, at other times he went ahead as he saw things.

Difficulties sometimes play a large part in the making of a man. One of these came in the form of a deep sorrow over the death of one of his fine sons. The officers of the church suggested a supply minister for the Sunday following the funeral but R. Murphy wanted to be in his own pulpit. To a close friend following the service he said, "I have won a great victory over myself today."

The Preacher

When a man has preached in one church for some thirty-nine years it is impossible to select one sermon as being characteristic. The themes are as varied as the man himself, and the times in which he lived. Mr. Williams used a carefully prepared manuscript and read his sermons. When you look through these manuscripts you wonder how he ever read them since they are scratched out and written over in many places. He had a way of taking a fountain pen and writing over the typed copy—no doubt for emphasis, and no doubt, as he would say, for ease in finding his place while reading. Words are circled and underlined once, twice and thrice. Additional emphases are carefully placed with red and blue pencils. The mere marking of the manuscript required a vast amount of time.

The sermon selected to present in full has been selected for the theme it is built around rather than as a characterization of the man. It was preached April 11, 1938. The subject written on the front page is written in his own hand as though it was selected after he prepared the sermon, and it reads "Bible Light on Immortality." The scripture reference is Luke 9:29-36. This sermon follows in full:

"BIBLE LIGHT ON IMMORTALITY"

It is only by inference that from the Bible we catch a glimpse of immortality.

Once the gates of glory swung outward to let Moses and Elijah return to earth for a momentous visit. The silence of eternity was then broken. The departed came back; they were recognized in their own personality. We here have three kindred spirits meeting in conference. They were separated by centuries in their mortal life; yet they gathered on the towering slope of Mount Hermon and talked of the most important theme in the history of time and of eternity.

Moses and Elijah winged their swift way from celestial realms to bring comfort and counsel to a comrade who was greater than either in His hour of soul-strain and agony.

Somewhere on the heights of this beautiful Mount Hermon the three greatest representatives of God upon earth—Moses, Elijah and Jesus—kept a rendezvous. All three had been homeless, harried, and hunted wanderers on earth. At uncounted cost they had borne their testimony to God. All were mountain-loving men; the name of Moses being forever associated with Mount Sinai; that of Elijah with Mount Carmel; and that of Jesus with the Mount of Olives. It was a congenial trysting place at which they met.

Standing out above all other considerations, in this passage, is the message that "heaven has comfort for earth." God cares for man's sorrows. There are resources in the Eternal heart of God upon which needy souls may draw. May we ever remember that messengers of comfort from the Father are available for the mourners of earth.

We do not have two worlds, but only one great universe, in which God is king. In His sight there is neither time nor space. The route from His Throne to man's place of prayer is always open. Mt. Hermon was not far from the gates of glory.

Let me read this story of Luke as we find it in the Weymouth translation.

"It was about eight days after this (i.e., after Christ's announcement of the fact that He was to be put to death) that Jesus, taking with Him Peter, James and John went up the mountain to pray. And while He was praying the appearance of His face underwent a change, and His clothing became white and radiant. And suddenly there were two men conversing with Him, who were Moses and Elijah. They came in glory and kept speaking about His death, which He was so soon to undergo in Jerusalem. Now Peter and the others were weighed down with sleep; but, keeping themselves awake all through, they saw His glory, and the two men standing with Him. And when they were preparing to depart from Him, Peter said to Jesus, 'Rabbi, we are thankful to You that we are here. Let us put up three tents—one for You, one for Moses, and one for Elijah.'

"But while he was thus speaking there came a cloud which spread over them; and they were awe-struck when they had entered into the cloud. Then there came a voice from within the cloud:

This is a question in which millions of
~~transcendently~~ interested.
 people are interested. How anxious we are to gain
light on the mystic problems of our future! Many of
 our friends have left us in body. How often we muse
over them and their condition! — How often we wonder
¹⁰ what they are doing? ³ Are they supremely happy? ³ Do
they know what is going on down here? Are they
 still interested in the blessed work for Christ that
engaged their attention and energies while here
 upon earth?

My good brethren, the grave to which our path
 is leading is not the end of the journey. It is not
 a blind alley, but a thorough-fare.

In this scene appear Moses and Elias who had
departed this earth centuries before. Yet these

A Reproduction of Original Manuscript

"This is My Son, My chosen One: listen to Him."

"After this voice had spoken, Jesus was found alone."

This is a beautiful description of a most remarkable event in the life of our Lord.

"The transfiguration," declares someone, "is too rich and warm to be imprisoned in cold language. It seems a pity there is no higher form of expression than language to unveil the scene that rises up amid the splendor of the 'eternal throne' to touch the sacred robes of the glorified dead."

The picture of the transfiguration is rich in its lessons to the Church of God.

I

In the first place, it teaches the deity of our Lord.

Peter, you recall, proposed to build three tabernacles—"one for Christ, one for Moses . . . etc." as if all "three" deserved equal honor. This proposal was at once rebuked in a most remarkable way.

There came a voice out of the cloud: "This is" This voice was the voice of God, the Father, giving both reproof and instruction.

It was a declaration to Peter that however great Moses and Elias were there stood one before them far greater than either. "This is my beloved Son . . ." Moses and Elias were but servants; Christ was "God's only begotten Son." He revealed the Father—"the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person." Heb. 1:3

"In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." I John 1:4

II

But this scene not only teaches us the deity of Christ, but it teaches us concerning the life beyond the grave.

This is a question in which millions of people are interested, tremendously interested. How anxious we are to gain light on the "mystic problems" of our future! Many of our friends have left us in body. How often we muse over them and their condition! What they are doing! Are they supremely happy? Do they know what is going on down here? Are they still interested

in the blessed work for Christ that engaged their attention and energies while here upon earth?

My brethren, the grave to which our path is leading is not the end of the journey. It is not a blind alley, but a thoroughfare.

In this scene appear Moses and Elias who had departed this earth centuries before. Yet these very men were seen alive and not only alive, but in glory.

All is not over when the last breath is drawn. There is another world beyond the grave.

I grant that there is much about this life that we cannot understand but this Book teaches that it is a real life with Christ.

A doctor was leaving the bedside of a sick patient, when suddenly the patient said, "Doctor, I want to ask you a question." "Yes," he answered, "What is it?" "Am I going to get well?" The doctor hesitated a moment and the patient continued: "Don't treat me like a child. I have a right to know. Tell me." "Well," he said, "You may recover this time, but the second or third attack is pretty sure to prove fatal." The sick man caught the doctor's coat and said to him: "Doctor, I am afraid to die. Tell me what lies on the other side." Very quietly the doctor said, "I don't know." "You don't know!" The sick man said, "You are a Christian man, and yet you do not know what is on the other side." The doctor, holding the door-knob, said to the sick man, "On the outside of this door you hear scratching and whining. It is my dog. When I open the door he will spring in with gladness. He has never been in this room. He does not know what is in here, save the fact that I am in here. I know little of what is on the other side of death, but I do know one thing. I know that my Master is there, and that is enough. And when the door opens I shall pass through without fear and with gladness of heart." (Boreham)

"In my Father's House are many mansions"

Christ said to the thief: "This day shalt"

Stephen when dying "saw Jesus standing on the right hand of God and said: 'Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.'"

And Paul speaks of "departing and being with Christ."

So, the grave illumined by Christ is no longer an opening in mother earth, but it has been transformed into a beautiful gate ajar.

“When all my labors and trials are o’er
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will thro’ the ages be glory for me.”

III

But this transfiguration scene not only teaches a life beyond Moses and Elias appear in their own personalities, so that they were known by name and recognized as such.

If it is true with these Old Testament saints, why should it not be true with every other one? As for myself, I expect to be known, and also to know you. I expect to associate with you in the “life to come” and enjoy you as I have done down here.

A few years ago when Theodore Roosevelt died I well remember the headlines in the newspaper:

“Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Ex-President of the Nation, Author and Warrior is dead at Oyster Bay, after brief illness. His spirit joins that of his son, Quentin, who was killed in France.”

I believe he did join him, and it must have been a happy reunion.

When Will Rogers was killed on the 22nd of August, 1935, O. O. McIntyre, who has since died (February 1938), wrote these words:

“I like to think of Will Rogers as flying on. Certainly no material ‘crack up’ should halt that blithe spirit. Free of the cloddish body, he must be ascending new heights, scaling new peaks. This I firmly believe. Consciousness after death is not a mere ‘something to be hoped for’ with me, but a conviction—as certain and fixed as the stars at night.”

IV

We will not only know one another, but we will commune with one another.

This passage teaches this. These two brethren were talking to Christ, showing their interest in Him and His departure from

this world. They were talking about His death. Moses reminds the Lord that his body was buried on Mt. Nebo, and adds: "Unless you die that body will not be raised." Elijah says: "I am in heaven on a credit—the credit is your promise to pay." Moses and Elijah certainly had a lively interest in that conversation—in "His decease which He should accomplish at Jerusalem."

Those who have gone before are interested in us down here. They must talk and commune about it. The angels are interested: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God." If they are interested, why should not the redeemed saints be interested?

David Livingston said to his wife, Mary Moffett, in company with others in Africa before his death:

"I shall look upon your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you,
When you think I am far away."

"There is a story of a schoolboy whose father was blind, but who before he became blind was an enthusiastic baseball fan; and when he lost his sight he still went with his son to the games, and the boy would tell him what was happening on the diamond. Sometimes the boy played, and his blind father would sit among the spectators while his boy batted.

"One day the Father died, and shortly afterwards the great school game was to be played. The blind man's son was on the team. He played brilliantly; he never played so well before. After the game was over someone complimented the boy. The lad said: 'Well, you see, this is the first time Dad has ever seen me bat.' He had been thinking what his game would look like from the other side—how it would carry across the river, where his father stood with restored sight watching his boy at the bat. That helped him to do his best."

After relating this story to a friend I asked: "What do you think of this?" The answer was: "I don't know; this question does not interest me."

"It may not now," I said, "but it will some day."

The transfiguration was a great occasion for Peter. He wanted to abide there, saying "It is good for us to be here." This was perfectly natural. We often feel this way when we are pass-

ing through some great religious experience—when we are associating with those who pre-eminently have the spirit of the Master. We feel that we would like to abide there and enjoy the fellowship.

But, in the world, there is work to be done—suffering to be alleviated—the fallen to be raised—the sorrowing to be comforted.

Every mountain top of privilege is girded by the vales of lowly duty. It is a terrible thing to have seen the vision — and be so wrapped up in it as not to hear the knocking of needy hands upon our own doors. In the valley God had a work to be done, for there was a demon possessed boy who needed help; and they were called to minister to his needs.²⁷

R. Murphy and Lillie B.

Christmas would not have been Christmas for many people if the usual Christmas Greeting did not arrive from Mr. and Mrs. Williams. Each year their list of friends grew. It was a very special time in their home when they sought to express appreciation for the many kindnesses shown toward them all through the year.

The cards used as greetings were varied and, as a rule, contained one of the numerous pictures which had appeared in the newspapers or some other publication during the year. These would be classified as natural instead of posed. One year he had a very fine crop of pumpkins which he grew in his back yard on some filled-in ground abundantly mulched with leaves. The daily newspaper counted this achievement newsworthy and snapped a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Williams standing admiringly in the midst of their harvest. This became the Christmas picture for that year. (December 1954).

The Christmas cards showing both Mr. and Mrs. Williams were somewhat symbolical as well as seasonal. The two belong together. You can not understand Mr. Williams without in part knowing something of Mrs. Williams. During a period of Mrs. Williams's illness he was pretty well lost. God in His wisdom restored her health and gave her to him for all of his life.

They were often together at funerals and marriages. They were charming dinner host and hostess, always jointly presiding over the meal. Seldom a week passed but friends shared their table with them. Mrs. Williams never knew how many guests would be present. She usually knew there would be some she did not know about that Mr. Williams had invited. She always spoke of him as "Mr. Williams" in the presence of guests.

In a brief *History of the Church of the Covenant* this joint relationship was clearly recognized in this tribute to Mrs. Williams:

"The Church was fortunate not only in securing 'R. Murphy,' as its pastor but also in having a fine and noble Christian woman as their minister's wife. It is no reflection upon

'Parson' to record that Mrs. Williams, truly the ideal for a minister's wife, has made her own rich contributions to the community's spiritual welfare and betterment."²⁸

With the passing of the years we are told that Mr. Williams developed a much more tolerant attitude in every respect, especially for those with whom he differed. It might be said that he caught this at home. Mrs. Williams, fondly spoken of as "Duckie Wuckie," was like R. Murphy in that she too had boundless energy and the warmest of compassion for mankind. It goes without saying that both possessed, and professed so beautifully, love for their Lord and devotion to His church.

At the time the church was engaged in securing a new organ, Mr. and Mrs. Williams proposed writing a joint letter to the congregation as their way of lending a hand to the effort. A copy of this letter is on file in the church records though it was not mailed to the congregation. It was written by Mrs. Williams. It reflects their continuing interest in the church, and their attitude toward new things being undertaken under a new pastor.

"We are greatly interested in the installation of the new organ, and we trust that each member of the church will have a sacrificial part in the purchase

We, too, are building for the future generation as well as for ourselves. Inasmuch as we have been beneficiaries of the past let us face the opportunity and privilege of giving for the future as well as the present."

R. Murphy and Lillie B. Williams²⁹

Retired

When the Evangelist Billy Graham was conducting the Mid-Century Crusade in Greensboro he gave a few minutes one morning to the introduction of those ministers who were present. Each stood and gave his name and the church he served. The last man to stand on that day was R. Murphy. When he introduced himself he said, "Murphy Williams—retired." This was entirely humorous.

R. Murphy never retired from the church or the community he served so long. He refused to be so classified. He became Pastor Emeritus of the Church of the Covenant at the age of 78, with a 46-year service record in the ministry, 39 years being in Greensboro. The Church made a generous provision for his financial needs in the hope that he would go and come as he pleased. But he was in his later years about as busy as a man could be.

As early as June 1943 he took note of the fact that the years were slipping away swiftly. Following his long established pattern of presenting a message preceding his birthday, for his 75th year he chose the subject, "God and the Passing years." These were his thoughts at this time.

"There are but few congregations who are willing to retain a man as pastor when he reaches his three-score and fifteen years. You, of course, realize that a man of that age is living on borrowed time. I now repeat what has been clearly stated before. I am perfectly willing to abdicate and take any place which this congregation assigns to me."

Then turning to a discussion of old age he used this quotation:

"All old people are not easy to live with. Some harden like a bag of cement that has been exposed to the weather. Such cement will not change its shape unless you take an axe and pound it to pieces, and then it is of no use to anybody. Old people have to guard against the cement stage, or they will find there is no place for them in the changing world."

The fact that this statement is true in many instances has encouraged me to keep abreast of the times. I am determined not to live in the past. I do not feel myself, however, to be an old man But I can't 'kid myself,' neither can I camouflage to the extent that you do not recognize the passing milestones in my life. A man who will not 'let go' when the time comes is likely to undo much of his life's work, and to go out of the world embittered, disappointed and sorrowful. When my voice cracks let me not snarl at those who have music in their voices; when my knees are weak let me not be impatient with those who are fleet on foot; because my leaf is fading I do not want to despise youth. "The art of growing old is the art of being regarded by the oncoming generations as a support and not a stumbling block, as a confidant and not as a rival." ³⁰

Another year passed, and in June 1944 as he finished 76 years and began his 77th year he chose as his text for his birthday message—I Corinthians 15:58: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Without meaning to do so he was describing his own efforts so well. For he was "steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord."

In his closing remarks he took a long look at the future and said: "We earnestly pray that those who carry on will accomplish more for God's glory and for the good of His people than those who have endeavored to lay a good foundation."³¹

On August 26, 1945 from the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant he gave his Valedictory Message, using the theme, "Life a Pilgrimage."

"We do not come into life to go out of it, but rather to live as long as we can, and to do as much as we can before we reach the end of life's pilgrimage.

You, of course, know that this message marks the end of my pastorate, which has been the joy of my life for 40 years I do not feel like an old man, but birthdays tell the tale But I am frank to say that a church should be relieved of the services of a man of my age. I have had my chance."

His closing words were aimed at encouraging the congregation to accept the leadership of a new pastor.

"We want to see the church grow and prosper, and plead with you to show a devoted loyalty to your new pastor, remembering that he belongs to you and you to him. Look to him for advice, for comfort and instruction; and let Mrs. Williams and myself worship with you only as loyal members of the congregation."³²

The first assignment he created for himself after he became Pastor Emeritus was that of Hospital Pastor. This he had endorsed by his Presbytery and made official. It wasn't long, however, before he was captured by the dream of building a Presbyterian Home for the Aged. For two years he went from church to church all over North Carolina promoting this good cause. The Synod of North Carolina lifted this large responsibility from his shoulders. He immediately turned up in a new role as "Ambassador of Good-will for Greensboro Industries." He held this post at his death.

In one sense of the word, he carried larger responsibilities after his retirement than he did as the active pastor of the Church of the Covenant. Most of these responsibilities came through his own initiative.

Less than a month before his death he was talking to a friend and said: "I know where I'm going when I die and I'm ready to go. Yet, I'm in no hurry to rush away. This is a good place to be and I want to hang around as long as possible to see what's going to happen."³³

BIOGRAPHICAL STATEMENT

BORN: June 24, 1868 in Cumberland County

PARENTS: Charles Judson Williams
Lou Murphy Williams

SCHOOLS: Attended grade school in Sampson County
Attended the Agricultural and Mechanical College (now
State College) 1891 and 1892
Transferred to Davidson College and graduated in 1896
Hampden-Sydney Union Seminary

PASTORATES: Presbyterian Church, Wallace, N. C. 1899 - 1904
Evangelist for the Wilmington Presbytery 1904 - 1906
Church of the Covenant 1906 - 1945
Pastor Emeritus 1946 - 1955

DEATH: March 27, 1955

CHILDREN: Llewelyn Williams Robinson
B. Worth Williams
James W. Williams
Livingston Murphy Williams (deceased)
Mary Bailey Williams Davis
Robert Murphy Williams, Jr.

MARRIAGE: To Lillie Annette Boney in Wallace, N. C.
on June 11, 1901

FOOTNOTES

1. *History of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant* (1906-1945) by Mr. Colvin T. Leonard.
2. Mr. Phil M. Segal, Greensboro, N. C. in a letter dated November 5, 1951.
3. Mrs. Donald MacColl in a memorandum.
4. Mrs. Walter L. Merritt, Taylor's Bridge, N. C. in a letter.
5. Dr. C. E. Hodgin, Greensboro, N. C. in a letter from Venice, Florida on March 3, 1949.
6. Miss Agnes Martin in a letter, May 15, 1955.
7. Editorial, *The Greensboro Record*, March 28, 1955.
8. A Birthday Message, June 1944, Rev. R. Murphy Williams.
9. Mrs. Donald MacColl in a memorandum.
10. Original manuscript, a prayer used October 15, 1944.
11. Original manuscript, a prayer used June 17, 1945.
12. Dr. E. E. Gillespie, Greensboro, N. C. in a letter March 17, 1949.
13. Professor W. H. Livers, an elder in the Church of the Covenant. Professor Livers prefaced his verses as follows: "The Following Are Some Verses Written By Professor W. H. Livers, dedicated to R. Murphy Williams — which Reveal Some of 'R. Murphy's' Activities."
14. Related by Dr. R. M. Buie whose finger was broken.
15. Mr. Elmer D. Yost, recorded in a special Church Bulletin of September 2, 1945.
16. Mr. J. A. King, in a letter April 4, 1955.
17. Related by Mr. and Mrs. John Caffey.
18. Related by Mr. L. C. Atkisson.
19. Mr. I. C. Crawford, in a Special Church Bulletin on September 2, 1945.
20. Related by Mr. D. H. Cashwell.
21. Dr. William Elliott, Dallas, Texas in a letter and tribute to Mr. Williams.
22. Printed copy of address.
23. Church Bulletin, June 24, 1945.
24. Related by Mr. W. H. Sullivan, Sr.
25. Dr. William Elliott, Dallas, Texas from "A Tribute."
26. Miss Agnes Martin, in a letter May 15, 1955.
27. From Mr. Williams's original Manuscripts, April 11, 1938.
28. *History of the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant* (1906-1945) Mr. Colvin T. Leonard.
29. From a manuscript letter.
30. From "God and the Passing Years," printed sermon preached in the Church of the Covenant, June 13, 1943.
31. From a printed Birthday message, June 1944.
32. From a printed Valedictory Message, delivered at the Church of the Covenant, August 26, 1945.
33. Mrs. J. A. Dunn, in a letter at the time of Mr. Williams's death.

THE R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, Inc.

On March 27th, 1955 immediately upon the news of Mr. Williams's death it was announced that a memorial would be established for the purpose of perpetuating the wide influence of his life. It was stated that such funds would be used for the purpose of bringing to Greensboro, seasonally, some of the nation's outstanding leaders for community lectures and other methods of enriching the spiritual life of the city.

The first service rendered to the community under the auspices of the R. Murphy Williams Memorial Fund, Inc. was a public address on May 28, 1956 in Aycock Auditorium. This was given by the Honorable Walter H. Judd, an outstanding member of Congress from Minnesota. He was introduced by the Honorable Carl Durham of North Carolina.

It is to be noted that while the Presbyterian Church of the Covenant has taken the initiative in setting up this Fund, it has been incorporated as THE R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, Inc in the hope that the community will feel that it belongs to them. As a matter of public record the act of incorporation is as follows:

CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION OF THE R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, INC.

(A Non-Profit, Non-Stock Corporation)

This is to certify that we the undersigned, do hereby associate ourselves into a non-stock Corporation under and by virtue of the laws of the State of North Carolina, and to that end do hereby set forth:

I

The name of this Corporation is the R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, INC.

II

The location of the principal office of the Corporation shall be in the offices of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

III

The objectives for which this Corporation is formed are as follows:

(a) To create and establish a living and perpetual memorial to the Christian life and community service of the REVEREND R. MURPHY WILLIAMS, deceased, which memorial shall at all times reflect a community service with an inter-denominational accent;

(b) To receive by solicitation, or otherwise, contributions, in the form of money or property, from any and all interested persons for the establishment and maintenance of the R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, INC.;

(c) As an effort to lift the general level of the religious life of the community at large through the bringing to Greensboro, seasonally, outstanding religious leaders of national recognition and importance for community lectures, aimed at the application of Christianity to man's daily walk;

(d) To foster, within the spirit of a community-wide service, other methods designed for the uplift of the spiritual life of the community;

(e) To provide, when funds are available, material assistance, in the form of scholarship loans, to worthy young men and women in the community at large, and without regard to Religious Denominations, in their pursuit of educational training in preparing them for service in the field of religion, or for other approved and worthwhile educational purposes.

In order to prosecute properly the objectives and purposes above set forth, the Corporation shall have full power and authority to purchase, lease, and otherwise acquire, hold mortgage, convey and otherwise dispose of all kinds of property, both real and personal, whether located in or outside this State; to otherwise invest, and re-invest any and all funds coming into possession of this Corporation for the purpose of creating income; and generally to perform all acts which may be deemed necessary or expedient for the proper and successful prosecution of the objectives and purposes for which the Corporation is created.

IV

The Corporation is to have no capital stock and the profits derived, if any, shall not at any time inure to the benefit of any person or persons in any manner except as specified in the foregoing objectives of this Corporation.

V

The period of existence of this Corporation shall be unlimited.

VI

The DIRECTORS of this Corporation shall not be personally liable for losses on any investments, when such investments were deemed to have been made in good faith.

VII

The names and post office addresses of the incorporators are as follows:

D. H. Cashwell, Greensboro, N. C.
A. Lee Forbis, Greensboro, N. C.
E. J. Stoker, Greensboro, N. C.
W. H. Sullivan, Greensboro, N. C.
H. J. Williams, Greensboro, N. C.

VIII

This is a MEMBERSHIP CORPORATION and the membership of the Corporation shall at all times be composed of the active members of the SESSION, the DIACONATE and the BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, Greensboro, North Carolina.

IX

This Charter may be amended from time to time by way of Resolution duly adopted by a two-thirds (2/3) vote of the combined membership of the SESSION, the DIACONATE and the BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, meeting in joint session, after due notice has been given to each member of the above named three bodies of such meeting and the purpose of the call of such meeting.

X

The incorporators, whose names are set forth herein, in pursuance to action of the SESSION, the DIACONATE and the BOARD OF TRUSTEES of the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, and under authority of a Resolution duly adopted on the 25th day of April, 1955, are designated in this Charter as the first BOARD OF DIRECTORS of this Corporation; and the terms to which said persons have been duly elected to serve as BOARD OF DIRECTORS are set forth hereunder opposite their respective names:

W. H. Sullivan (Elder) Mar. 27, 1957
D. H. Cashwell (Dea.) Mar. 27, 1958
A. Lee Forbis (Trus.) March 27, 1959
E. J. Stoker (Elder) March 27, 1960
H. J. Williams (Dea.) Mar. 27, 1961

XI

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS of this Corporation shall at all times consist of two ELDERS, two DEACONS and one TRUSTEE in the PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF THE COVENANT, Greensboro, North Carolina and the three separate bodies, the SESSION, the DIACONATE and the BOARD OF TRUSTEES, composing the membership of this Corporation, shall annually elect their respective representatives on the BOARD OF DIRECTORS for a full five (5) year term at a meeting to be held subsequent to the 15th day of February and prior to the 27th day of March in each year. The MEMBERSHIP of this Corporation shall hold an annual meeting on the third Monday in March of each year, or such other time as the MEMBERSHIP may later determine and the MEMBERSHIP shall certify the elections of DIRECTORS as above provided.

XII

The DIRECTORS of this Corporation shall be empowered to promulgate and adopt by-laws, sufficiently adequate for the proper functioning of the Corporation and the attaining of the objectives for which the Corporation is formed as set forth in Article III of this certificate.

This the 5th day of May, 1955.

D. H. CASHWELL (Seal)
Greensboro, N. C.

A. LEE FORBIS (Seal)
Greensboro, N. C.

W. H. SULLIVAN (Seal)
Greensboro, N. C.

E. J. STOKER (Seal)
Greensboro, N. C.

H. J. WILLIAMS (Seal)
Greensboro, N. C.

Gifts are continuing to come in for this fund. Those desiring to have some part, small or large should send their gifts to

THE R. MURPHY WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FUND, INC.

Greensboro, N. C.



R. MURPHY WILLIAMS

"Though dead he yet speaketh"



